DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE EVILS OF GAMBLING.

Text: "Aceldama, that is to say, the field of blood."—Acts, i., 19. The money that Judas got for surrendering The money that Judas got for surrendering Christ was used to buy a burying ground. The money being blood money, the ground that was purchased was called in the Syriac tongue Aceldama, the field of blood. Well, I would like to write over all the race courses where wagers are staked, and over all pool where wagers are staked, and over all pool rooms, and over all gambling saloons, and over all tables, public or private, where men and women bet sums of money large or small, a word incarnadined with the life of millions—Aceldama. The gamb ing practice is a stupendous evil, always existing, but sometimes it sweeps over the land in the shape of an epidemic, and never has the world been worse cursed with never has the world been worse cursed with it than just now; all the neighborhoods, and towns, and villages and cities. It is an evil bra en, sanguinary, transcontinental, hemi-spheri: Some of you have passed into the afternoon of life, and the shadows begin to lengthen, and the sky close with the glory of the setting sun. But others glory of the setting sun. But others of you are in the early period of life, and the of you are in the early period of the, and the morning comes down out of a clear sky, and the bright air is redolent with spring blossoms, and the stream of life rolling between full banks gleams and glistens and makes music as it goes. Some of you are in com-mercial establishments, and your life will be passed amid the excitements of tra lic. be passed amid the excitements of tra lic. Some of you are in mechanical arts to hammer and chisel your way through life, and great opportunities are open before yon. Others of you are putting on professional life—the armor is already buckled on. But in whatever business, trade or profession you are engaged, or you are to be engaged, in, the subject I present this morning is of personal importance. There is not a man, woman nor child in this assemblage but has been touched by this evil, or will be touched by it, or will by this evil, or will be touched by it, or will in some way te called to battle it. Gambling in some way be called to battle it. Gambling is the risk ng of something more or less valuable, in hope of winning more than you hazard. The implements may be different, but the principle is always the same. The dealing and shuffling of cards are not gambling unless stakes be put up, while on the other hand, without dice, without cards, without billiards, without ten pin alley, you may practice gambling. A man who bets on horses, bets on elections, bets on ball playing, bets on anything—a man who deals in what are called fancy stocks, a man who goes into any transaction where man who goes into any transaction where there is no real foundation, but everything depends upon what men call luck, is a gam-bler. An English writersays that one-fourth of the business of London is a dishonesty, and I suppost that is true of all our cities. Anything suppost that is true of all our cities. Anything you prope so to get without giving an equivalent, in money, time, or skill, you get either by fraud or by gaming, by theft or by gaming. Do not associate gambling with some game, or with some time, or with some place, or think it makes any difference in the prinor think it makes any difference in the prin-ciple whether it is a glass of wine or a hun-dred shares of railroad stock. Whether you patronize auction rools or French Mutuals, or book-making, or whether you employ faro, or billiard, or roulette, or cards, the very thing or billiard, or roulette, or cards, the very thing is dishonest because you propose to get a good for which you give no equivalent. All lotteries, all lottery tickets come in the same category. All fairs for the building of schools, or hospitals, or churches, conducted on the raffle system come under the same category. This is not a new sprite that has appeared in the world. It is a haggard transgression that, wrapped in curses, comes stargression that, wrapped in curses, comes staggering down through the centuries. Before 1838 the French Government received large amounts of money every year from gaming table. England to improve her harbors at one time instituted a lottery at the door of St. Paul's Catheda al. The Brit'sh Museum, the Westminister bridge, were partially paid for by such procedure. The ancient Germans sometimes actually put themselves up, and their families, as prizes and having lost the game they were bound by those weaker than themselves. On Derby Day the House of Commons adjourns, and most of them go out to bet and gamble. There are parts of this country that reek with this evil. A traveler at the West said that in a thousand miles of traveling in Western States, there was not a waking moment in while he was not in the presence of gambling. You can find something just suited to your taste and your capacity; gression that, wrapped in curses, comes stagjust suited to your taste and your caracity; not me:e'y in the underground oyster

itectured glory this evil goes on, and wherever it reigns, Aceldama, the field of blood. This sin works evil in the first place in unhealthy stimulation. Excitement is pleasura-ble; a thousand voices in our nature cry out for excitement. The Chinaman finds it in smoking opium: the Persian in chewing hash-heesh; the trapper in a buffalo hunt; the sailor in a squall; the inebiate in the bottle; the avaricious at the gaming table. While excitement is pleasurable and many kinds of excitement are healthful and righteous, look out for an agitation which hurls you back into terrific reaction, and which, like a rapt musician, in trying to bring out the tune, breaks down the instrument plyel on. God never made a man with nerves or brain strong enough to endure undamazed the excitement of a gambler's life. No wonder so often men at the close of a play where they have been unfortunate have tried to shove imaginary gold of of the table. They sharp in intellect, they rose up Generally those who own maniars. Cenerally those who own gambling establishments are rollicking and obese; but the gambler—look at him—thin, pale, nervous, exhauted. Intemperance puts its stigma upon the man, kicking him a slavering fool into the ditch, or sending him up the street where his family live with a demokratic hierouph. But ily live with a drunkard's hiccough. But gambling does not so soon hang out its sig-nal. You can only see the habit of the man in the greed of eye, in the hardness of feature, in the nervous restlessness, in the threadbare coat, in the squandered fortune. But he is on the road to hell, and no preacher's voice and no startling alarm, and no wife's entreaty will stop him in his headlong career. The infernal spell is on him, a giant is aroused within him, and if you wind around him a snip caoie it will jartlike a threal, and n you wind around him a chain seven times it will snap like rusted wire, and if you pile up in his yathway all Bibles, all sermons, all communion tables, and put on the top of them the cross of the Son of God, he will like a ree over the rocks leap into perdition. Aceldama, the field of bload.

eellar, or on a table covered with greasy cards behind a curtain, or in the smoking cabin of the steamer where

men with rings in their ears instead of their

A rel over the rocks leap into perution.

Aceldama, the field of bload.

This sin also works ruin in the fact that it is killing to all industries. You never saw a confirmed gambler who was industrious. The time not actually employed in gaming is spent in idleness or in dissipation, or in "roping in" other victims. Who a man is accustomed to gathering scores and hundreds of dollars in a little while he will not have much ratience with tame, honest work. "Why," said a merchant, "why should I bother myself here in su h a hard, tedicus and annoying way to make \$50 when I can make twice that in one night down at Billie's?" Ah! how this crime has dulled the carpenter's saw, and cut the bands of the factory wheel, and broken the teeth of the farmer's harrow, and shattered with factory wheel, and broken the teeth of the farmer's harrow, and shattered with strange lighting the batteries of the philosopher. What dull work plowing corn when in one evening in the village saloon the farmer makes and loses the price of a harvest. What dull work in the honest round of business making ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred dollars, when in the same time you could make and lose the value of a whole season's profits. Oh, how killing it is to all industry. John Broak was sent out from Bremen as an agent to England and the United States. After a while, his employers found out that there must be something wrong. Investigation was made. It was found out that he was a defaulter for \$85,000. He had lost \$26,000 in made. It was found out that he was a de-faulter for \$85,000. He had lost \$26,000 in faulter for \$85,000. He had lost \$26,000 in Lombard street, London. He had lost \$10,000 in Fulton street. He had lost \$3,000 in New Orleans. Then he was arrested. Then he was imprisoned. Then he scaped. Then he returned to gambling practices. Then he died a maniac in an asylum. Gambling is a pry that is already thrust under some of the commercial establishments of Brooklyn and New York, and after awhile down commercial establishments of Brooklyn and New York, and after awhile down will come the whole concern, crushing reputation, home and immortal souls. The evil is stupendous. And what is more sad about it is that there are no consolations for a gambler when he suffers loss. If a man is honest and fails, God pities and society commiserates; but will you tell me from what miserates: but will you tell me from what tree of the forest there oozes a balm for the broken heart of a gambler? In the bottle where God keeps the tears of His children, are there any tears of gamblers? Does the wind that blows health into the cheeks of the invalid and that cools the heated brow of the laborer,

whisper any peace or consolation to the heart of the gamester? Ah, no, no! In Northum-berland, Eng'and, there is a large estate berland, Eng'and, there is a large estate whose owner in three years—he having inherited it—in three years got through with it all. Coming down out of the saloon at night, he got int) his carriage, started for home, turned back, went up to the saloon, put up his horses and carriages, put up his house in town, played again, lost all, went down, started on one of the back streets homeward, met a friend, borrowed from him ten guineas, went back to the saloon, played again and won, won again and again until he had twenty thousand pounds, then lost and lost again and again, and die I a beggar at St. Pauls. There is no habit on earth so merciless as the gaming habit.

o merciles as the gaming habit.

It also works great ruin in the fact that it s the source of multitudes of dishonesties In the worst cases the game itself is a cheat. How often it is there is a mark on the back of the card to indicate what is on the other of the card to indicate what is on the side of the card. How often there are deceptions in the shuffling of the cards. How often it is with the dice that it is loaded with platinum and doublets come up every time. How often it is some coadjutor winks to his comrade and decides the game. Sometimes the gaming house will introduce dice or cards unseen to the players, and that a ounts for the fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred men who go into gambling, however wealthy they were at the start, lose every wentry they were at the start, loss everything, and are poor, miserable nothings, not permitted even to sit on the steps of the door of the house that they once owned before they went into gambling. In San Francisco a young man who had just come from the mines, put down \$30,000; a great amount of money at different times in the same evening he put upon the ace and others came in and they played, and the time went on. They ratted him on the back and went on. They patted him on the back and told him he was a good player. He won agan and aga'n. After a while the tide turned and he lost and lost, and the are was revealing favorably to the bank, and some one cried: "Foul, foil." But the controllers of the hous; presented their pistols and the tumult was silenced, and during the evening \$35,000 had been won by the bank. You call that a game of chance? No chance about it. that a game of chance? No chance about it. But the dishonesties practised at the gaming ta' le are nothing compared with the dishonseties practized in order to get the money to go on with these evil habits. The greedy hand of gambling has again and again snatched away the wid ow smite and despoiled snatched away the w.d. w smite and despoiled the orphan's portion, or has sold a daughter's virtue to get means to go on with the infamy, and has written the counterfeit signature, or has sunk the cargo or has planted the dagger of a midnight assassin. It blinds, it hardens, it rends, it blasts, it crushes, it damns. How damy bank cashiers, how many trustees of funds have, through this evil, gone to disgrare, to incarceration, to suicide. It is within the memory of many people in this house when for this purpose \$40,000 were taken from a Brooklyn bank. It is in the memory of many memory of many people in this notice when for this purpose \$40,000 were taken from a Brooklyn bank. It is in the memory of many who are here that the cashier of the Central Railroad and Banking Company, for the purpose of carrying on gambling practices, stole \$103,000. It is within the memory of most in this house when from a Wall street incurance company were taken. Wall street insurance company were taken \$180,000 for carrying on gambling practices. One of the saloons in London boasted that it ruine l a nobleman a day. But there are sa-loons in this country, and there are gambling houses and club houses where gambling is indulged in that could make more infamous boast of having ruined a thousand noblemen, men made in God's own image blasted for ever. It is an accursed habit.

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The evil also goes on its ruinous way in the destruction of domestic life. Oh, this plowshare has gone though so many families, and the wife sits in rags, and the daughter is in disgrace, and the son comes up to the same imfamous practices, or takes a short cut to destruction across the murderer's scaf-fold. What are all the caresses of chi'dren and a wife's devotion to a gam-bler? How tamely burns the fire on the do-mestic hearth. Nothing to win, nothing to lose, nothing to fillip the blood, nothing to to lose, nothing to fillip the blood, nothing to fire the imagination. He must go out. He cannot stand it there. "After all is gone the family will go. He will pawn them. If a crown in Heaven were put in his hand he would say: "Here, boys, here goes one more game. I now throw my crown in heaven:" Home! What is a home to a gambler! Something to cut. my crown in heaven!" Home! What is a home to a gambler? Something to cut, something to hew, something to scatter, something to blast. An only son, of splendid education, exquisite manners, brightness of promise, went to New Orleans. He had a large amount of money with him, and they entice! him into gambling saloons and told him he was a splendid player, and he were a large amount of money, but time he won a large amount of money; but time went on and he lost all, and meanwhile had got on him other bai habits, and when all was gone he sat down and wrote to his father

and mother these words:
"My beloved parents: You will doubtless feel a momentary joy at the reception of this letter from the child of your bosom, on whom you have lavished all the favors of your declining years." drinks all around; but in splendid parlor, in gorgeous club room, amid artistic and archclining years; but should a feeling of joy for a moment spring up in your hearts when you shall have received this from me, cherish it not. I have fallen deep, never to rise. Those gray hairs that I should have honored and protected I should have honored and protected. Those gray hairs that I should have honored and protected I shall bring down in sorrow to the grave. I will not curse my destroyer, but oh, may God avenge the wrongs and impositions practiced upon the unwary in a way that shall test please Him. This, my dear parents, is the last letter you will ever receive from me. I humbly pray for forgiveness; it is my dying prayer. Before you receive this from me, the cold grave will have closed upon me forever. Life to me is insupportable. I cannot, nay, I will not suffer the shame of having ruined you. Forget and forgive is the dying prayer of you. Forget and forgive is the dying prayer of

you. Forget and forgive is the dying prayer of Your Unfortunate Son,"
The father went to the postoffice. He got the letter. He opened it. He began to read and he fell to the floor. They gathered around him and thought he was dead; but having brushed his gray locks from his brow and fauned him he began to breathe. I wish he had been dead, for what is life to a father when his son is destroyed! When anything goes wrong in a gambling house they cry out: "Foul, foul!" but over every gambling table in this land and in all lands I cry: "Foul, foul, infinitely foul!" The gift stores in our cities administer to this evil. You shall have a piano, or a watch, or a valuable piece of jewelry as a prize. Goois unsalable in any otherwise may sometimes be disposed of in that way, and that habit has covered the problem with hears finger wines and feeting. that way, and that habit has covered the population with brass finger rings and fictious adornments, and is fast turning this land into a nation of gamblers. Every gift store on earth is administrative every hour of it; existence to a gambling practice. It is a fraud. Aceldama, the field of blood. Many of the churches of God are not willing that the world shall have this sin all to itself. I believe in church fairs. There are hundreds and thousands of churches that never would have been built but for church fairs. But a church fair conducted on the raffling principle is gambling; it is ecclethe raffling principle is gambling; it is ecclesiastical gambling. At the close of some fair some valuable articles are not sold. They raffle for them. Good Christian people go home with a prize, thinking it must be all right for Christian women did the embroidery and Christian men did the raffling, and then the money is to go to a new communion set. You might just as we'l have won with the crack of a billiard ball or the toss of the dice. Do you wonder that a church which conducts fairs on the raffling principle goes into spiritual pauperism. Satan says: goes into spiritual pauperism. Satan says:
"I built that church. I upholstered that church," and for once Satan tells the truth. This evil stops not at any indepency. In the State of Maryland they had a lottery for the purchase of a graveyard. The habit of betting is administrative to this evil. "Pil bet you \$100. I'll bet you \$500. I'll bet you about this. I'll bet you about this. I'll bet you about this. I'll bet you about that." That is a common vernacular. When a man bets be republish. The prest innovant forms of amuses. gambles. The most innocent forms of amuse ment are being subordinated to this evil.

Almost all of the smoking rooms in the ocean steamers are gambling saloous all day ocean steamers are gambling salcous all day long and all night long. They bet how many miles will be run to-day, how many miles to-morrow, about what hour we will probably get to Queenstown, about what hour the pilot will come aboard, about whether he will put his right foot on first or his left foot on first. And I have seen man goon the steamer with plenty. have seen men go on the stea ner with plenty of money, and when they got to Liverpool they had to borrow money to get up to Lontells you something and you do not believe tells you something and you do not believe him, and he says: "I'll bet you \$100," set him down as a liar. He is a liar and in that way proposes to bolster up a sort of veracity. It is a debasing practice. Bet about nothing. Pay for what you buy, not looking for a prize. For a slow, phlegmatic nature, the gambling practice may have no special temptation; but if a man be sauguine, if a man be nervous, if a man be excitable, let him look out for this evil. A little while you may stay in the still waters, but you are

may stay in the still waters, but you are coming to the abyss and the boat will be thrown over and you will cling to it with

fingers blood tipped and nails percing the wood, until with white cheeks and the hor-

the scalp, you will plunge where no grappling hook will ever drag you out. Young men, avoid this evil. If you have any tickets in your pocket that are suggestive of this evil, destroy them when you go home. There is not a young man in New York or Brooklyn but will be tampted by this evil. There is hardly a tempted by this evil. There is hardly a young man in this house, or an old one who has not been tempted. It is so much so that ments are becoming affected. Now, I do not know a more healthful recreation than ten pins. I have passed many hours in ten pin alleys and they have always been to me the means of physical recuperation. I can hardly think of any better form of amusement than a ten-pin alley. Yet you know as well as I that some of these places have been turned into gambling saloons. have been turned into gambling saloons. Husband, father; brother, son enter a ten-pin alley for this purpose. Let the boy set up the pins at the other end of the alley. Give the gamester full swing. Now stand out of his way. Roll the first. There, itstrikes. Down goes his respectability. Stand back now, give him another chance. Roll the second. There, he strikes down the last feeling of humanity. Give him full swing. Let the gamester have full chance. Roll the third. It strikes. Down goes his soul. It was not the ten-pins that fell—a soul, an immortal soul! Let me give you in brief the history of a gambler. Lured by friends he goes to placed where an honest man ought never go. He sits down at the table just for the purpose of sits down at the table just for the purpose of being thought sociable, or whiling away the time. They play. They play into Satan's hands and he takes all the tricks and both the players' suils for trumos, he being a sharper at any game. A small stake is put up just to make it interesting. Game after game is played, larger stakes and still arger, attilutes a while they hear to move nerv. until after a while they begin to move ner and the eyes flash and the lips more an more compressed and the fist is clenched and the eyes like fire balls seem starting from their sockets to see the final turn before it comes. If losing, paling with envy and tremulous with unutterel oaths cast back red hot upon the heart; or winning, with hysteric laugh, crying: winning, with hysteric laugh, crying:
"Aha, aha! I have it!" A few years have
passed on and he is the mere wreck of a man. Refore he throws his first card now he puts down the last relic of his wife, the marriage ring that sealed the vows between the n. He plays. He loses. He sags back. He dreams, and in his dreams the past hours mock him with a great agony, and friends with eyes of fire and tongues of flame gather around him and join hands to dance, with hellish chorus, chanting, "hail, brother!" and kiss his clammy forehead, and their loathesome locks flowing in sements craw! down the last relic of his wife, the marriage loathesome locks flowing in serpents crawl into his besom and sink their sharp fangs and suck at his life blood, and coiling around his heart pinch it with chills and shudders indescribable.

That is you, oh young man, if you come to the terminus of that hissed road on which

the terminus of that blasted road on which you have already started. May God help you! Remember that this is a down grade, that every s'en adds swiftness to the mentum already gathered. On this treacherous sea, oh how many have launched. Split hulks strew the beach, and everlasting storms howl up and down and tos; the unwary craft into the Hell I have seen it with my own eyes. have looked off upon the awful place where men go down and I have seen and I have heard the writhing and the hissing and the foaming of the waters where men struggled and strangled and blasphemed God and died, the death stare of eternal despair upon their face as the waters gurgled over them. To a gambler's death bed there comes no hope. He probably will die alone. His comrades in iniquity will not come to the dwelling. His miserable soul will go out of a miserable life into a miserable eternity. As his poor remains pass the place where he was ruined his old comrades will look out of was ruined his old comrades will look out of the window and say: "There goes the old car-cass. Dead at last." But they will not rise from their chairs. Let him down now into the grave. Plant no tree to shade it, for the long, deep, eternal gloom is shadow enough. Plant no for-get-me-nots nor eglantine to mark that spot, for flowers were never intended to bloom on flowers were never intended to bloom on such a blasted heath. Visit it not in the sunsine, for that would be a mockery, but on some dismal night when, no stars are out, and spirits of darkness come down horsed on the wind, visit the grave of the gambler!

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Worms in Flower Pots.

In the use of lime water to destroy earth worms in the soil of flower pots, some persons fear injury to the plants by using it too strong, and therefore neg-lect to employ it altogether. It should be understood that lime water will not injure plants. And by lime water is meant water containing all the lime it will hold in solution. This is a definite quantity, and cannot be increased, no matter how large an amount of lime in excess is used for a certain quantity of water. The water will hold so much and no more. After slacking lime in water it is allowed to settle, and then the clear liquid is poured off; this is lime water. The soil of a plant can be saturated with it by pouring it on, or by immersing the pot in it for a time. This operation will destroy earth worms, or compel them to escape. - Vick's Floral

To a Young Housekeeper. One of the best rules ever given by a mother to a daughter just about to begin housekeeping was: "Always see every part of your house from garret to cella at least once a day; the servants get to know this, and consequently they never throw things into corners, or leave untidy closets." This is especially good advice concerning the kitchen: Make a point of opening pantry drawers, lifting the washtub lids; take a look into the refrigerator every morning, and see what a difference it will make on the cook's neatness. A good mistress can always manage to do this while shee is giving the day's orders, and in such a way as not to offend the girl's feelings; s me-and the best girls-are very sensitive about being watched, or rather at having their ability to keep a tidy kitchen doubted. At the same time, the knowledge that her mistress is more than likely to take a look into the refrigerator at any time will greatly influence the putting away of provisions and keeping the waste-pan empty. - Harper's Bazar.

Kalsomine and Whitewash. Kalsomine for walls and ceilings is a wash made of whiting mixed with water and glue. It may be used white or tinted with dry colors. The wall should first be washed with a sponge and warm water, and any cracks should be filled with plaster Paris before the kalsomine is applied. To prepare kalsomine dissolve a quarter of a pound of white glue in cold water, allowing it to stand over night. In the morning it may be heated gradually, until pe feetly smooth. Mix eight pounds of whiting with hot water, add the glue, stiaring all together. Should this be quite thick, add warm water until it becomes about the consistency of cream. This is applied with a kalsomine brush, a flat brush with a short handle. Should there be any darkstained places they should be painted with shellac before the ceiling is kalsomined.

Lime is a great purifier, and a coat of whitewash on cellar walls or any walls gives a clean, wholesome smell and look. Ordinarily, whitewash is made by pouring hot water over quick-lime. should be taken to use plenty of hot water at first, so that the lime may become thoroughly slacked. Cold water may be added afterward to thin it if necessary. A little blueing put in will give a cleaner white. When used in the cellar it is sometimes a good plan to mix in a small quantity of copperas or cayenne pepper; these are said to keep vermin away. When the whitewash is intended for outside work the addition of tallow or grease is recommended in the proportion of a pound to a pailful of whitewash. In this case dilute with rors of a lost soul lifting the very hair from | hot water.

Not Lost,

The look of sympathy, the gentle word Spoken so low that only angels heard, The secret act of pure self-sacridce, Unseen by men, but marked by angel's eyes, These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth, When dreams had less of self and more of truth,
The childhood's faith, so tranquil and so sweet, Which sat like Mary at the Master's for These are not lost.

The kindly plan devised for others good, So seldom guesse I, so little understood,
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to wir wanderer from the ways of sin, These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord! for in thy city bright Our eyes shall see the part by clearer light; And things long hidden from our gaze below Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know These are not lost.

The Lost Closet. In the days gone by there was a place and a time very full of blessedness. You can remember the little room whose door you locked while you gathered its stillness and calm around you. You remember the chair before which you knelt. What scenes of glory and of blessedness in your soul's life were witnessed there! You remember that first time when in the depth of your despair you sank down and sobbed out your confession of sinfulness and helplessness, and when, you hardly knew how, you looked to Jesus as your Savior. Then there came to you, like the blush of morning, the dawning of hope in your heart, the burden uplifting itself, and a strange joy coming in that you never knew before. Your prayer was turned to thanks and praises. The room became from that hour very attractive. From gay companies where smiles and laughter were about you and you were glad for the pleasant fellowship, you sought it and found it good to draw near to God. It was a sanctuary, very calm and peaceful.

You remember that day when a great joy came to you, and you knelt there and took the joy to God while you praised him for it. You remember that day when your first real grief swept over you and in your tears and through your sobs you said, "Thou knowest all, help me!" The great shadow was over you, and the night and storm were around you, but there in that room you seemed to hear a voice which you r cognized, saying, "It is I." It grew into a habit with you to go thither, and the hour that you had selected seemed to have a low call that you gladly answered, and you went init was to meet Some One there. If at any time you missed the visit to the place of prayer, there was something

wanting all day.

All this was long ago. Of late it has not been so with you. You do not much miss the closet now. You can go through all the day and feel no special vacancy in your heart, except at times when there comes a sudden and sharp pang that makes you almost cry out for is lost. But that is only for a moment, the rush and the hurrying thoughts bear you on and away. You say your prayers night and morning, you say them hurriedly, but there is no hour and no place that now grows sweet and solemn in its sweetness because you find it good to draw near to God. The closed door and the silence do not now bring hallowed thoughts. The closet has gone. Perhaps the room is there, but the prayers are away. The joys, the gentle comfort of those earlier days, the radiant openings of the Bible, the fined yet pervading satisfaction and quiet rest- you can only say of them:

"Blossoms of peace once in my pathway springing, Where is your beauty and your fragrance gone?"

Perhaps you can remember-you can if you try-when the closet began to lose all that made it your meeting-place with God. You recall the growing reluctance to linger there, the effort which seemed necessary in making the moments go by, the more hurried prayers. Perhaps, were you willing to think of them, you could recall the reasons for all this and the causes; the subtle influences which came in and made this pervading change in a place which once was so radiant and so dear .- Dr. Aikman in Observer.

It is foolish to try to live on past experience. It is very dangerous, if not a fatal habit, to judge ourselves to be safe because of something that we felt or did twenty years ago. - Spurgeon.

Yesterday is yours no longer; to-mormow may be never yours; but to-day is yours, and in the living present you may stretch forward to the things that a c before. -- F. W. Farrar.

The lark goes singing toward heaven; but if she stops the motion of her wings then straightway she falls. So it is with him who prays not. Prayer is the movement of the wings of the soul; it bears one heavenward, but without prayer we sink.

Temperance News and Notes.

Petroleum V. Nasby says: "The beer drunkard is the worst' drunkard in the world, and his children are the heaviest and strongest."

Alcoholic beverages are destructive to human life. Their effects upon the human system should be taught in every school. Preachers and school teachers should not set a bad example by smoking or chewing.

Liquor-saloons in North Carolina, where workmen wasted their money, are being converted into factories, where they can make money. The largest saloon in Raleigh is now a shoe manufactory, employing as many men as all the saloons in the city did; another has been turned into a furniture factory.

Mrs. Skelton, a white ribboner who devotes herself to laboring for the promotion of temperance among the Germans, recently so won the Germans of Omaha that they gave her permission to saloon, and the proprietor closed his to hear her lecture. Many names were added to the total abstinence pledge, and a club of twenty subscribers obtained lished by the W. C. T. U.

RELIGIOUS READING. TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

She Sails by the Stars She is launched on the wave-the good ship Prohibition, The wave of humanity, boundless and free; Around her stanch gunwale in fierce ebuli

The mad waters foam as she heads out to sea; White floats her canvas, with brisk breezes fanning her, Etraight steers her rudder, with strong sinews manning her, Eafe shall her voyage be—cool courage planning her.
"God and our country," her watchword

shall be. What does she sail by, the ship Prohibition? How meet the breakers, the shocks and the jars?

How safely steer off the reefs of sedition?

How shun the iceberg that shatters and mars? Justice, her guiding star, shines through the darkest night, Peace and prosperity lend her their lambent

light,
Health, hore, and happiness shine on her
ever bright,
Truth is her compass—she sails by the stars.

What does she carry, the ship Prohibition, Under her breastplate of strong iron bars? What treasure rare does she hold in transi-

Guarded by strong arms of veteran tars?

Hope for the homeless, now weeping so wearily.
Help for the helpless, whose hands hang so

drearily, Homes for the homeless—glad news, ringing cheerily— She carries good tidings, who sails by the

She is out on the sea-the good ship Prohibition,
The treacherous sea of political wars:
Sweet baby hands fold in childish petition,
Ead woman eyes watching her broad
streaming bars;
Their souls' deepest sympathies seaward are

wending,
Their sad supplications in unison blending,
Their earnest beseechings to heaven ascending, "God speed the sailors who sail by the

Ho! send out your pilot! the ship Prohibi-

Has sighted the land, coming back from the wars; Proud floats her pennant above compet tion, Loud ring the cheers from her jubilant tars; Arms are stretched seaward from waiting

hearts yearning, Souls lifted upward with high purpose burning.
Victory sails with her, homeward returning,
God's beacons guide her—she sails by the

stars! -Mrs. Lide Merriwether.

Just One Glass. Boys and girls, you will very likely, if you are in the company of those who use wine or beer, be urged to take "just one glass," and will be told that one uncomfortable. The party saw quite to glass will not hurt any one. Don't believe any such nonsense. One glass has done more mischief and caused more roaring, hissing, and bubbling is detrouble than you have any idea of. Let scribed as loud and awful. The walls of me tell you how a sea captain lost his the crater are of a light brown color, and family and all his earthly possessions are composed of successive layers marked just through one glass of liquor. He in an amphitheatre. Allowing ten of owned a neat little vessel, and had four men sailing with him, one of whom was his brother. On one trip he took his his brother. On one trip he took his 200 feet. The periphery of the crater is wife and two children. One stormy about half a mile, although the Japanese night his brother was to stand watch, and foolishly enough, at the coaxings of the seamen, took "one glass," they telling him that he could better perform his duties on that very severe night. He was not accustomed to using liquor and it overpowered him so that he fell asleep. The vessel took its own course, and when the Captain awoke he found it was wrecked. He took his wife and one of his little for the midday breakfast and a dollar vistas sometimes narrowing in the dis- ones in his arms, she took the other, and for the dinner, the wine being charged tance toward the heavenly city where for hours they battled in the cold waves, the home eternal is, the hopes, the under longing for day to break After hours of peculiarities, but it has never the delilonging for day to break. After hours of peculiarities, but it has never the delisuffering one of the little one was swept away by the merciless waves, and a little not too handy in the performance of their after the other one was carried away also. duties. In the matter of eating, though That was bad enough, and he hoped he might still have strength to get his wife to land. But she could not stand the evposure nor endure the battling, and died American would prefer more beef and just as he was nearing shore. Bereft of wife, children, and vessel, which was his all-all because of "one glass" of rum.

alone. - Temperance Banner. Eradication.

in need of a firm hand and a clear brain.

Dr. Felix L. Oswald, a well-known scientist, in an article upon the alcohol question in a late number of the Forum,

"The friends of reform have at last recognized the truth that the 'temperate are they will not fight their battles so use' of alcohol is but the first stage of a progressive and shame-proof disease, and that, moderation and repudiation failing, we must adopt the motto of 'eradication.' We must direct our blows against the roots of the upas-tree; and there is no doubt that the sharpest, if not cheapest, tool would be the general enforcement of prohibition. The penalities of a severe proscriptive law would sap the basis of the weigh its profits, especially the profits of catering to an ever-decreasing demand. For the very means used to evade perils of temptation to thousands of young men of that class owing their want of recruits wherever the causes of intemperance are limited to the temptapleasures.

A Significant Change. The Lewiston (Maine) Journal men-

tions the recent lannching of a fourmasted schooner, named "King Philip," at Camden, on which occasion it says: "A real Penobscot Indian tribe now in Camp Camden, dressed in Indian costume representing King Philip, being descendants of that tribe, stood on the deck of of the schooner at the bow, and as soon as she started broke a bottle containing instead of rum, pure spring water from Mount Hope and Bristol, Rhode Island, in honor of the prohibition sentiment of speak on temperance in one of their large | Maine and Rhode Island. About a beer gardens. It was directly over the thousand people, it is sail, witnessed the launching, including the owners from doors and came up, with his whole force, Taunton and Providence." If those who sail the "King Ph'lip" hereafter always use pure water and abjure the rum, the chances for a prosperous future for for the German temperance paper pub- the new vessel and the owners will be greatly enhanced.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Careful measurements of seventy human skeletons have shown the lower limbs to be equal in only seven. pears that a person's legs may differ in length from an eighth of an inch to an inch and five-eights, without any deformity being recognizable.

A Frenchman, Mons. Rohart, has discovered that waste grease, like that of sheep's wool, very readily absorbs sulphuretted hydrogen and other sulphurcompounds, and that it will then form a cheap and excellent soap with alkaline carbonates. The operation is very rapid. requiring less than an hour; and further economy results from the fact that the alkalies do not have to be used in a caustic state.

Imitation amber is being largely used in Germany for the mouthpieces of pipes, owing to the dearness and scarcity of the real article. From time immemoria amber has been chiefly found on the Konigsberg coast of Prussia, partly by dragging and partly by mining. Palmnicken Mines yield about 3,000 cwt. annually, and large pieces of amber produce \$30 per kilogram (two pounds when taken from the mines. Most of this goes to Vienna, where the largest manufactory of amber mouthpieces ex-

Much interest has been excited among engineers by the construction, under the direction of the Russian Government, of some locomotive cars of a special type for the Transcaspian Railway, and built so as to meet two difficulties, viz., the waterless character of a large section of the line, and the insignificant ordinary traffic. To meet the former the locomotive car is provided with tanks containing sufficient water to last seventy miles: and, as the waterless stretch from Mi chaelovsk to Kazantchik is about fifty miles in length, this supply is amply sufficient under any contingencies that may occur. With regard to the second difficulty, the locomotive is constructed with a car connected to it and capable of conveying eighty passengers. The locomotive car is warmed by the exhaust steam from the engine, by which arrangement an important economy in the consump tioneo. fuel results.

A recent number of the Japan Weekly

Mail contains a short account of a night ascent of the active volcano Asamayama The party left Karnisawa in the after-noon, and commenced the ascent from the castern side about sunset. The sky was perfectly clear, and the summit was reached an hour before midnight. The wind, blowing from the south, carried the sulphurous vapor away to the north ward, and thus the ascent was made less the bottom of the crater, which presented the appearance of a furnace filled with glowing coals. The sound of the feet, the depth from the surface to th incandescent matter would appear to be calculate it at two miles and a half.

Living Expenses in Berlin.

Living is not expensive in Berlin, writes Albert Sutliffe, in the San Fran cisco Chronicle. Beer, the chief article of diet, can be had at from two cents to five cents a glass. Rhine and Moselle table wine, at from twelve cents to thirty cents or more the half-bottle. At the best hotels you pay seventy-five cents cacy of taste one finds in Paris. The waiters are willing and attentive the French cuisine came in with Frederick the Great, Voltaire and the Watteau landscapes, the standard of excellence has not been well maintained. The less veal. He can have a beefsteak if he desires, for which he pays twice as much as one of the same size would cost him in San Francisco, and it is not so good. For twenty-five cents one can have as One glass may effect you when you are good a meal in the city of the Golden Gate as for seventy-five cents in Berlip, These you want always. Then let drink whether he takes it at a pretentious hotel or in one of the so-called restaurants of the second-class in the Unter den Linden, where they serve you on a rude table without a tablecloth; but the Moselle wine is better. The German appetite is more easily satisfied. It is perhaps as well. When the German taste becomes luxurious they will want war even less than they want it now, and the chances

True and False Economy.

Economy means the purchase and use of the very best articles, so as to get the very best out of them. A sick horse may you of nothing but worry. This is an extravagant horse. Competition, which seeks to lower the price of everything, is the death of trade. It cuts down lower and lower, until at last no profit is poison-traffic by making its risk out- left any one. Then the factory stops The workman has nothing to do. The boss fails, absconds or goes into other business. Competitive cheap labor does not tend to make artists. It does tend those risks would alone diminish the to make imitators, copyists and counter feits. A skilled acedlewoman-one who took an artistic pride in her work-said to me, after a week's experience in one of ruin less to innate depravity than to the New York's great retail bazaars, where evil influence of an obtrusive example. scores of cheap dresses "in the latest The army of topers would die out from style" were turned out daily: "There is no encouragment in our work-shop for good, careful, painstaking work. girl who can rush the most thread tions of the rum-shop with its garish through the most yards of cloth, and splendor and its sham promises of social turn out the most dresses in reality not much more than basted together, is the one best praised and best paid by her employer. When you buy such a cheap dress you encourage the making of shams, imitations, counterfeits. encourage work done without conscience. and only for cash. You discourage the doing of work in which should be put brains, skill, care, conscience and time. -- Prentice Mulford.

A Peculiar Prejudice. A merchant doing a large business in this city, whose credits amounted to millions in a year, said that he always looked with suspicion on any applicant for credit of the name of D. or S. (which | the window and walls. On the mantel are common family names). He admitted that it was an unreasonable prejudice, arising only from having been grossly cheated two or three times by persons of these names. "But," said he, 'I cannot help it. The introduction of any person of either name brings to recollection the swindlers that cheated me before, and for the time I seem to lose faith in human nature, and am disposed to make very severe terms with the ap | had long white hair, a soft voice, and a plicant,"- New York Dry Goods Chron

TWO OLD PEOPLE Once he was twenty and she only ten, She was a child, he scarcely in his prime; Youth seemed so long, and age so distant then.

And noon came not, as now, ere morning But later on, they chanced again to meet,

Aud he was thirty and she twenty now; Why, he is old," exclaimed the maiden sweet.

Aud passed with careless heart and cloudless brow.

Ten years (a weary round) roll on again, Whose days and weeks, so like each other, pass, That, when they meet, 'tls he, with sudden

pain, Who cries, in turn, "Why, she is old, alas!" But often on those tender April eves. When hearts beat time to hidden melodies,

Why was I never loved?" he asks-and Why did I never love?" she asks-and

sighs.

And now, opprest with vain regret, they say,

As years wear on in ever-deepening gloom 'Children, enjoy the sunshine while you may,

And pluck the flower in its morning bloom."

-Alex. Hayes in Argosy.

PITH AND POINT.

Moves in the best society.-A fan. "Just like him."-His photograph. Home ru'e.-Wipe your feet before

rou come in. The first woman in the land-the first roman who was born—Siftings.

Lawyers dress pretty well, notwith-standing the fact that they occasionally lose a suit.

"I really believe my work is telling," remarked the society reporter .- Burling-

"Mark my words," said the public speaker, and the stenographer marked hem. -Boston Transcript.

It is said that bees possess the power of memory. So does the one that has ever interferred with them.

Distance doesn't lend enchantment to the view when you are looking at a

pretty girl.—Boston Courier. "What is celerity, Johnnie?" "Dunno: guess it's something to put down hot lishes with."—St. Paul Herald.

The greatest drawback to painting the town red is that some of the color sticks to the painter's nose .- Philadelphia Call. A man called at the home for little wanderers in Boston the other day and wanted to know if they admitted under-

sized tramps .- Burlington Free Press. Who is rich? And who is happy? Who could be content with less! Let us see—his name is—name is— Pshaw, we've lost the man's address!

"This way, gentlemen, to the American lwarf, to be seen only through a hundredfold magnifying glass; totally invisible to the naked eye."—Fliegends Blaetter.

He (with a view toward further acquaintance with owner): "What a pretty little dog! He wouldn't bite me, would he?" She: "Oh, no, we give

salt food only."-Tid-Bits. A physiologist says that "no man's body is as strong as his appetite." This explains why the pile of victuals a tramp can eat is bigger than the pile of wood he can saw in a day.—Norristown Her-

"Well, what do you think of the new neighbors who have moved in next door, Mrs. Pryer?" "I haven't had a chance form an opinion. They haven't had washing hung out yet."-Boston

Maternal instinct. Mamma (to Lucy, who has stumbled and smashed her doll's head)-"Don't cry, my dear; it can't be be helped." Luey-"Oh, mamma dear! you don't know how I feel: you've never lost a child."-Judge.

A distracted Boston spinster asks: "Why are beaux so scarce?" They are not scarce. As a matter of fact, there are more beaux now than there ever were. But they are wild because they are hunted se much.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Sir John Lubbock has tamed a wasp sy that he strokes its back and allows it to sit down on his hand. One of these days it will sit down hard and Sir John will wish he had spent his time in some more useful sort of employment. -Burlington Free Press.

It is hard to surprise some country landlords. A Boston man had scarcely registered the name of Christopher Columbus at a village tavern in Wisconsin when the landlord reached out his paw and exclaimed: "How are ye, Chris? Bin expectin' ye ever since the year 1492!"-Detroit Free Press.

A small boy surprised his teacher at one of the grammar schools yesterday by asking her how far a procession of the be bought for a little money, to be of Presidents of the United States would little or no use, a care on your mind, an reach if they were placed in a row. On expense to your pocket, and a bringer to her expressing her ignorance he calmly announced: "From Washington to Cleveland."-Springfield Republican.

ONLY A BARBER. The maidens saw him at the beach;
They thought he was a lord,
So handsome and so debonnair—
By all he was adored.

He's shaving bearded chins again, And also cutting hair, While chinning to his customers, Behind the barber's chair. -Boston Courier.

How a Famous Picture Was Painted.

bet painted his great picture,

The circumstances under which Cour-

Vague," are described by writer, who went to Entretat to witness a storm. He says: "As I stood on the beach, in the face of the tempest, the thunder of which was deatening, the wind furious beyond description, and the waves in the midst of a last judgment, I suddenly heard a man say: 'Come and see Courbet; he is making something superb.' In a large room, without furniture, in a house on the cliff, looking out to sea, I found a big. fat man, dirtily clad, and holding a kitchen knife in his hand, with which he was putting large daubs of white paint upon a clean canvas. From time to time he went to the window and looked at the tempest. The angry sea came so near that it covered the house with foam and struck it with a force that threatened its destruction, The dirty, sandy water ran in torrents over there was a bottle of cider and a halffilled glass. Now and then Courbet took a few swallow; and then returned to his work. And this was the way he painted the picture that has made so much noise in the world." He adds: "On the same shore I one day saw a lit-

tle old man painting on a little square piece of canvas, softly and tranquilly, with hardly a perceptible movement. He

emile upon his lips. His name was Corot."—Beston Post.